UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

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A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXV. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1844. WHOLE NO. 1207

Original Poetry.

LINES SUGGESTED BY THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.
BY J. HILL LUTHER.

She drooped, the beautiful, the loved, the young;
As droops the faded rose, as bows the plant
That under growth no better's thrive or water.
As flows the stream her impetuous ardent course did,
Beneath as its gentle current sped their course;
But life was wrested cruelly from the stem
While storms floated through the air in tides
Of unlikely—such as the western tornadoes!
And nature breathed in winning strains her truths
As the responsive song its eloquence.
And from the altar of her inmost soul,
Where Love's fire, her companion, ever burned,
She dreamed that life would be a halcyon walk,
A flowery path of native happiness,
Of pleasures smooth, pretty and love,
And thus her pathway passed in rapturous dreams.
In wakeful visions of a waking hour,
And the unconscious girl of joyous heart,
Drew into proof and wondered—and
And still she dreamed—and still the future seemed
A summer sky of cloudless majesty.
And she the wife, the gentle, the affectionate wife!
A mother—parent of a guileless one.
As fond, to press as herself had been
In earlier hours of childhood's glowing morn
And that girl's mother—Mrs. Walters—oh! a gentle child
A little world had formed: herself the sun,
The source of all its bliss, whose smile lit up
The heavens with radiance—
A radiance heavenly—of inmost joy.

Time glided on with each and sensibly coy;
The cloudless sky pictured by glowing youth,
Is shrouded now with darkening gloom and storm.
The music of the morn is changed to strains
Of sadness. She hath drunk deep the cup
Of bitterness—the last bitterest draught of grief.

Insidious death! another victim claims,
And the destroying angel wrests to her
Another mother's dear child's breast.

A husband's heart is rent—a lovely child
Mingles with its kindred dust—a mother's
A father weeps. A mother's tearful eyes
Bend o'er a daughter's cold and withered form;
And bitter sighs from bursting bosoms spring,
And feeling's fount sends forth its torrents fresh,
Its heaving wave of anguish to bedew
The wasted form of youth, and health and love.
Years that embrace all—that all consume
The memory of dear departed worth.

* * * * * * *

God of our spirits! Saviour of our souls!
Let intense time to thy celestial throne,
A better lovely breathe the ask of those
Another angel within the golden court.

Providence, R. I.

Original Tales.

ANNA WALTERS;
A Tale of the East.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.
BY MRS. LYDIA JANE PEIRSON.

Come with me, sister, if you have an hour to spare, and I will tell you a story, a real, true story of the olden time. Not of noble knights, and lady proud, living and loving in baronial hall or lordly castle; as if the noble spirit and the gentle heart belong exclusively to such! I know little of the world's great ones; but I have known intimately many of the truly great —having also capable of appreciating

United States SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 28.

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending TWO DOLLARS in advance, we will send the United States Saturday Post for one year, and one of the late novels.

For FIVE DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, and one of the new novels.

For TEN DOLLARS, eight copies of the United States Saturday Post, and either of the new novels.

For TWENTY DOLLARS, seventeen copies of the United States Saturday Post, and two novels.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the United States Saturday Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine.

For TEN DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, two copies of Graham's Magazine, and two copies of the Ladies' National Magazine.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

We give our thanks to a large number of the subscribers of the Post, for the very handsome manner in which remittances have been made to us, for some time past, and for the quality of the funds, in which they have been made. We shall endeavor on our part to do justice to them in turn.

A word to those still in arrears. Will our friends who are in arrears, remit their accounts at once. They cannot complain that we have been in the habit of dunning, but now we urge payment promptly. *We shall continue to issue a splendid paper.*

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

We have this week no particular theme of unusual importance—for every thing appears to be moving on in its wonted way on the eve of a Presidential election. The papers from all directions indicate that as the time of the decision approaches, "the fun grows fast and furious." Mass meetings after mass meetings are advertised and held; and if we are to credit the representations of their numbers, made by partizans, there certainly never were such monster gatherings before, since the world began. There is enthusiasm enough in our immediate vicinity; and some "tall convocations" have been assembled; but at the West they certainly do "take the rag off the bush." Intelligent travellers say that the excitement will even exceed that of 1840; that all business is interrupted, and that in many cases it may be said to be suspended—people throwing down their tools and giving their business the go-by, to "talk politics."

It is a republican amusement, this President making; and certainly a very interesting and exciting one. But there are lights in which it may be viewed as a thing of more importance than the mere gossip of cronies or waste of words. When we reflect that antagonistic parties, so strong in numbers and in wealth, so eager in interest and so devoted in the pursuit of their objects, can perform mighty revolutions or resist them, every Olympiad; the conquerors triumphing with a huzza, and the conquered submitting with a mere growl, but without thinking of resistance; when we reflect what furious heat is carried into the battle, and what terrible threats and big words are bandied, and how much like a serious uncompromising fight the whole thing looks,—when all this is considered, it must be conceded, we think that the theory of republicanism is pretty thoroughly tested, and pretty triumphantly vindicated.

We do not pretend that no acts of violence occur, or that every thing, at all elections is conducted as it should be. But the disturban-

NATIONAL UNION.

We have spoken many times, incidentally, of the great benefit as a bond of union, which the truant disposition of Americans is to their country. A man hardly thinks, unless under very auspicious circumstances, of remaining "settled" where his apprenticeship, or his minority was spent, but forthwith, upon reaching his "freedom," proceeds to put it to the test, by changing his residence. In this way it chances that there are in every part of the United States, persons who have a deep interest in every other part. The scenes of childhood, the residence of friends, the place of birth, the places of former residence—all have claims upon our affections, which, though they may temporarily sleep, are never entirely forgotten.

Our attention was called to this subject to-day, by a statement made in the Charleston Courier, that there are at the present time, in the city of Cincinnati, over three hundred young men, whose early years were spent in apprenticeship to mechanical trades, in the State of South Carolina. This statement—strange as it may seem, is only one of a most singular table of items of a similar character, which the statistics of our population would present, if the subject were investigated with a view to making such discoveries. In every one of our large towns and cities, where any prominent object or objects of pursuit, or advantages of position concentrate population, every State in the Union will be found represented.

This characteristic, not possessed in the same, or indeed in any noticeable degree by any other nation in the world, is one of our very best and strongest bonds of union. It makes every section of the country attached to the rest, and keeps in every place advocates and defenders of the absent. If we grew up in youth and continued in manhood isolated political communities, no power on earth—no political considerations, or legislative enactments could save the confederacy; but with these and other favorable influences tending to its continuance, he is but a timid, or perhaps a false hearted prophet, who predicts the dissolution of the Union. It has proved equal to many a dangerous emergency; it will prove equal to many more, for the great problem of the perfectibility and progress of man, as the individual is to be worked out in this continent. Kings and kingdoms have had their day, now comes the turn of man as man, and of States as bodies of men, in which every citizen counts one to start with, and has the right, if he can, to make himself count more.

WAR IN EUROPE.

We observe that some of our contemporaries of the press speak of war as likely to occur between England and France; and of course that other nations will be drawn into the contest. For our own part, for reasons alluded to in the Post on many occasions heretofore, we consider such an event as not at all likely to grow out of any cause now existing. The spirit of the age is opposed to war; and the long peace has given people, as nations and as individuals, opportunity to weigh its terrors, and to consider its monstrous evils and injustice. War between any two European nations cannot now be deliberately entered upon.

But there may be sudden events, by the occurrence of which the balance may be disturbed. That which is at this moment the most threatening is the death of the French King; whose precarious state of health is announced in some of the English papers, on authority which claims to be good. It is said that his state of health is most precarious; and that his death may be almost momently expected. When it does occur, into what confu-

THE TELEGRAPH.

The following paragraph, descriptive of the mode in which Mr. Morse sends intelligence across rivers, we cut from the correspondence of a New York paper. The hope that communication may in this way be established with Europe is *rather* visionary—but who knows? If any one had predicted what has been done, in 1800 we should have laughed at him.

On each side of the river, under the water, is placed a mass of steel, gilded to prevent rust, to these the telegraphic wires are connected, and by the action of the galvanic batteries one of them is negatively and the other positively electrified; that is to say, one of them has less than its natural quantity of the fluid in it and the other more. The natural result of this is that the surplus electricity of the one passes through the water, which is a good conductor, to the other, in fulfilment of the law of nature which provides for an equilibrium in all things. It might never happen that any other body, (being as near to the negative mass as the positive mass of steel is) would have any electricity to spare, and consequently the supply will almost entirely pass along the line of the telegraph. It is even hoped that a telegraphic communication may be made with Europe, and at no very great expense. The steel magnets, however, would require to be very large and powerful, to counteract any small currents of electricity that might be passing in other directions. It is said that experiments are now making, or are soon to be made, that will test the practicability of this.

TAKE CARE!

The great reformation which has taken place in this country in regard to the use and abuse of alcoholic drink, has been a theme of just rejoicing all over the land. And it has not only been a theme of public congratulation, but a cause of private and domestic joy and gladness. Families have been restored to comfort and competence, who had before resigned all hope. Men who had sunk to the lowest depths have re-assumed their position in society. We have, however, no need to expa-

VERMONT ELECTION.

There are 243 towns in Vermont, from all of which, except about 30, we have returns. The Whig candidate for Governor, Slade, has between six and seven thousand more votes than the Democrat, Kellogg, and about fifteen hundred majority over all opposing votes. The Legislature, so far as heard from, has three Whigs to one of the other candidates. In the Congressional delegation, which consists of four, the Whigs have returned three, Messrs. Foot, Collamer and Marsh. In the fourth District it is said there is no choice; though some of the more sanguine Whig prints claim the election of their candidate in that district also.

At the time of our going to press a few returns had been received from Cumberland Co., Maine, and its neighborhood. In Cumberland the Democratic majority is about one thousand; and in York and Lincoln, each about the same.

ST. DOMINGO.

Affairs in this unlucky island are by no means yet settled. A late arrival at New York from Jacmel brings intelligence that a report had reached that place to the following effect. The blacks at Aux Cayes had again broken out and commenced hostilities against the yellow or half-breed negroes, on account of the arrival of a great number of them from Jamaica and other West India ports. Almost every vessel which had arrived from other parts of the West Indies was full of the half-breeds returned to the island.

REMARKABLE WHEAT.

Many of our agricultural readers have heard of the new variety of wheat called the White Flint Wheat, and not a few of them, we presume, may have tested it. To such, the report of its culture by Mr. Myron H. Adams, of East Bloomfield, N. Y., may be interesting. Mr. A. informs the editor of the Ontario Repository that 177½ lbs. of this Wheat produced 144½ lbs. of flour, and 32 lbs. of bran and middlings—averaging 48 lbs. of flour to the bushel. This is certainly a most productive wheat.

THE ANTI-RENTERS.

☞ South Carolina is said in the Pendleton Messenger to have had a very long continuation of dry weather, and the late corn and cotton are both suffering greatly. Although in some neighborhoods the corn crop will be good, there are others in which scarcely any thing will be made; and the crop, on an average, must be short.

☞ During the storm on Monday evening the 2d inst., two large barns, nearly adjoining each other, upon the farm of Mr. Lutz, near Reamstown, Lancaster county, Pa., were struck by lightning, and entirely consumed, with all their contents. The light was so great that it was distinctly seen at Reading.

☞ Mr. John Cartwright, of Algonac, Michigan, was struck dead by lightning on the first instant, while sitting with his family. The fluid passed down the chimney, and after doing its work of death, left no traces of its course.

☞ There was quite a snow storm at St. Catharine's, Canada, on the 31st inst. The ground was completely covered.

☞ At New Orleans, on the 27th ult., the thermometer was down to 65 degrees.

FROM OUR OWN Correspondent.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The Great Burns Festival, Pageantry in Highland and other Costumes, Addresses of Prof. Wilson and the Earl of Eglintoun, Family of the Poet. Prevailing Modes in the Old World. British Navy—British Commerce—New Dock at Portsmouth. Continental and Miscellaneous Items.

Bristol, England, August 18, 1844.

The lion of the present month has decidedly been the Burns' Festival at Ayr, in Scotland. Indeed it was quite a national affair, and conducted in every sense of the phrase, on a scale

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other part of the same letter, I find the following: "As for walking dresses—robe a' ceinture basquee, open sleeves, and trimmed with three deep flounces of festoon edges, made of barege, with broad satin stripes. Redingote in foulard, trimmed with ruches of ribbon, and the lacing of the corsage replaced by rows of silk trimming or lace." But enough of the fashions for to-day. I proceed to throw all sorts of small things together in a heap—even at the risk of violating strict order.

I am glad to learn that arrangements are under way, for the establishment of mails every fortnight to India and China, instead of every month, as heretofore. The son of Christophe, known as the Prince of Hayti, is in prison at Paris, for a tailor's bill. There is much grumbling about the Navy, as I fancy. Of course, during peace, as few ships are employed as possible—but among them I observe that last month, there were 89 war steamers in commission, besides those in the dock and laid up in ordinary; in all 125—to say nothing of new ones of enormous power, (800 horse, the Terrible; 650 horse, the Avenger, &c., &c.,) now in progress of construction, and to be ready by the winter. Last year (I quote Parliamentary documents,) there were 855 sea steamers in England, most of which could be fitted for war—in France, only 107. The ships which arrived in English ports in 1843, from foreign parts, were 28,052 in number. Of these, there were,

British,	18,325
Foreign,	9,327

The men employed on board the above, were as follows—

British,	178,696 men.
Foreign,	73,634

The tonnage thus—

British,	3,361,214
Foreign,	1,291,165

The number of seamen at present employed in the British Navy, is 23,000—of marines, 10,500. I have been particular with these statistics, knowing that they will be read with interest on your side of the Atlantic.

An Act abolishing imprisonment for debt, has received the Royal signature. It only ex-

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Foreign Missions.—The annual meeting of the American Board of Foreign Missions was held this week at Worcester, Mass. The annual sermon was delivered by Rev. Albert Barnes, of this city, and interesting reports were made by gentlemen returned from abroad. The Society has now in its connection, in various quarters of the globe, about 130 Missionaries, 250 Assistant Missionaries, 28,000 Native Communicants, 22,000 Scholars, 20 printing presses, with four type foundries, and 42 founts of type, in different languages; and has for the last seven years received contributions on an average annually of upwards of $250,000.

The American Bible Society makes an earnest appeal for funds. At a meeting of the managers, held in New York, on Thursday of last week, it was stated that twelve new societies had applied to become auxiliaries; that the demand for the Scriptures continued to increase; that more than 45,000 Bibles and Testaments were issued last month, and had well nigh drained the depository. Many of these books were called for as a donation, and others on credit by those auxiliaries, which could not promise to pay for them until they are re-sold.

Protestant Episcopal Convention.—A convention of the Clergy and Laity of the Protestant Episcopal Church was held in this city last week to consider the resignation of the Bishop of the Diocese. Dr. Tyng preached the convention sermon, one thousand copies of which, and the same number of copies of the journal of the convention were ordered printed. The resignation of the Bishop was accepted, but before it is final it must be passed upon by the General Convention, which assembles in this city on the 2d of October.

☞ The annual meeting of the Synod of the German Reformed Church, will be held at Allentown, Lehigh county, Pa., on the 7th of October. It is said that it will be one of the most important meetings of the kind in many respects, which has been held for years.

☞ The American Missionaries in Greece, sent out by the American Board, have been

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Local Intelligence.

IMPORTANT ARREST.

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Lieut. Young, of the city police, proceeded to the residence of George White, Manheim street, Germantown, on Monday night, and there arrested White and James Welsh. They also found *all* the implements for executing the work in question—a printing press, a quantity of bank note paper, and plates of the following Banks, ready for use, viz:—$5, Mechanics' Bank, Burlington, N. J.; $10, Bank of Chester County, Pa.; $1, Bank of Maryland, "Branch;" $1, Farmers' Bank of Maryland; $100, Boston Bank, Massachusetts, not quite finished. This plate, on the entrance of the officers, was thrown into the stovepipe hole of the upper story, and the sound thereof, as it descended, indicated to the officers its whereabouts. Upon going into the cellar, a partition was found, completely barring access to the foundation of the chimney. A portion of this was removed, and by the help of picks and hammers this plate was recovered, with considerable labor, at a late hour of the night.

Besides the counterfeit plates mentioned above, the following were also recovered: "$10 and $20, Merchants' Exchange Bank, N. Y.; $5, Princeton Bank, N. J.; $5, Hartford Bank, Ct.; $10, Seneca Co. Bank, N. Y.; $5 Dutchess County Bank, N. Y.; $10, Bank of Newburgh, N. Y.; $20, Union Bank, N. Y.; $2, Otsego Co. Bank, N. Y.; $20, Farmers' Bank of Maryland; $500 and $100 Mechanics' Bank, N. Y."

This most fortunate haul of contraband property will be a seasonable relief to the business community; and now that the police have done their duty in the apprehension of the rogues, we hope that the laws will be permitted their full extent, in keeping such skilful gentry in retirement, and forcing a suspension of their financial labors, for the longest term possible. It is of no use to catch rogues, unless you punish them when caught.

Stabbing Case.—On Tuesday morning, as a party of young people, male and female, were returning from a quilting party at the Lamb Tavern, kept by George Clapp, on Broad street, when near the Monument Cemetery, a party of young men, who were in advance, commenced singing some very indecent songs. They were civilly requested to desist, and did so, after some words. But afterward, two brothers of the party, named William and Edward Byninger, commenced a conversation on the subject, which resulted in angry words and blows, at which time Mr. Samuel Auble, painter and

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OUR MILITARY.

We notice frequent parades of the Military Companies belonging to this Division, and observe also that they preserve the neatness of appearance and completeness of discipline which have given them so high a character. The ranks are all full, or rapidly filling; and measures are also in progress for the establishment of a description of military lyceums, where improvement in tactics and in theory may be made, and general subjects of interest be connected with military association. These steps reflect high credit upon the originators and prosecutors.

A less pleasant matter connected with the subject is that it is found necessary to examine into the conduct of certain soldiers during the late riots by court martial. But the number of these cases is not large, and a large proportion of them originate in a disinclination to serve, from various reasons, which the reader may readily imagine.

Arrests on Saturday.—Among the doings of the police on Saturday last, were the arrests of two persons accused of participation in the Kensington riots, in May last. One was Sanders Gavitt, charged with exciting language, calculated to produce a riot. He was held to bail in $500. The other was Joseph Fow, charged with entering the house of Patrick McGee, with other persons, all with guns in their hands, and assaulting the inmates. The house was afterward burned. Fow's identity was positively sworn to, and he was committed, in default of $500 bail.

☞ In the case of John Hess, indicted for riot in Kensington, and tried in the Quarter Sessions, the jury could not agree, and were, on Tuesday, discharged. The bail of the prisoner was reduced to $1,000, in which sum he is bound to appear for trial, in October.

☞ A splendid new packet ship, of 900 tons burthen, is now building at John Vaughan & Son's ship yard, Kensington, for Cope & Co., of this city. It is expected that she will be launched about the 1st of October. She is intended for the Liverpool Line.

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Religious Intelligence.

GREAT CAMP MEETING.

New York City.

Miscellaneous News.

A NICE BODY.

PURE WATER.

GUANO.

MERINO SHAWLS.

EXECUTIVE PARDONS.

AN AGED WIDOW.

AN INDIAN BATTLE.

CIVILIZATION.

A HANDSOME PLATE.

NOT RIGHT.

THE "MILLERITES."

AMERICAN BOOKS.

THE LAST COMET.

STRANGE NEGLECT.

A COMMUNITY.

A GOOD SCHOOL.

ANNIVERSARIES.

Educational.

Notes of the Weather, &c.

United States SATURDAY POST.

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Back Numbers can be supplied to new subscribers, whenever which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give name and date of their letter.
Remittals must always state the Post Office removed from, as well as that to which the paper is to be addressed.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana and Michigan, travelling as Major Delafoy, for the Weekly Gazette; *J. K. Hemphrey, T. P. Dove and E. T. Jennings.*
JOHN NEWELL, Canada, East and West.
HENRY M. LEWIS is collecting for us in Alabama and Georgia.
ISRAEL E. JAMES is Agent for and has the Book and Job Printing Establishment of *James K. Wagner & Co.* Harrisburgh, Pa. *G. B. Peters, Agent Harrisburgh Post.*
THOMAS SEVERNS is our Travelling Agent for New York.
WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Pennsylvania.
JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.
☞ We have no travelling agent by the name of Winchester.

Notices of New Works.

The Echo: or, *Borrowed Notes for Home Circulation.* By *Charles Penn Hoffman. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston. Robinson & Peterson, Zieber Co.*—In a review of Mr. Griswold's "Poets and Poetry of America," in the North American Quarterly, occurs the sentence "American Poetry is little better than a list of the Poets of Father Land." In this sentence we have the title of this very neat pamphlet, the design being to show, we presume, that there are no American Poets. Whether our poets, one and all, of the Echo of the Father Land rings in our vast forests, *i many immediate words* we are not to be sure, but we do not believe the original. And in the same article from which we take the above sentence, we find the following words: "It is reserved for Charles Penn Hoffman to distance all plagiarists of every nation and every age by a piece of envy and unequalled of his theft." It is the purpose of this publication, undertaken not by Mr. Hoffman, but by a friend, to put the reading public among a body of the points of this charge, and determine its correctness or falsity. After all of these publications, we believe that the thesis were submitted to Mr. H. for revision. In reading the publication, we are reminded to the case of a letter which forms a pleasant introduction to this pamphlet. We trust it may have a wide sale, as many of its cousins. There, among other considerations, is the opportunity for American national self-love to vindicate itself, which we shall not fail to improve.

Angelic Hosts.—Asia, the cradle of the human race, has been the scenes of the most wonderful events—particularly in the history of religion. Here Adam and Eve were created, and here the history of the human family begins. Asia was not only the cradle of mankind, but of the nurture of its race. Babylon, the wonder of all ages, rose to excite the admiration of the world. Here, America, the first great Empire that acquired a world, had its beginning and its end. Here China, the oldest and most extensive of empires, still exists, and is found in the midst of fable, still exhibits a spectacle which may well excite astonishment. Here, also, the first great Empire, continues to the present day. Here originated the Turks. Here the wandering Arabs have continued for ages. Here originated the Jews, and here have the fourteen run their brilliant course. Here Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob dwelt. Here David tuggled and lauds prophesied. Here Solomon built his Temple, and here Jesus Christ taught and suffered! These points of interest, harnessed with shrinkgement, form the interior. Auction in Parley's "Lights and shadows of Scripture history," exhibit a particular study of the interesting themes on which this little volume, the sixth of Parley's Cabinet, treats. It may be had in that set, or of *Zieber & Co.*

The Useful Letter Writer. *Comprising a convenient Treatise on the Epistolary Art, and Forms of Letters for all ordinary occasions of life, compiled from the best authorities. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Philadelphia: G. S. Appleton.*—In the preparation of the texts of this neat little volume, we twenty genuine letters from Franklin, Horace Walpole and Henry Clay, Webster, and other letters, which are said to have been part of an actual correspondence. The most valuable practical part of the book is perhaps, the essay on Epistolary Correspondence, and a summary of the rules of composition, in addition to epistolary forms. The rules which like correct orthography, it is no great thing to be sure, but are valued by many. The forms of letters are exceedingly amusing, and though we should hardly recommend a body to copy any one of the letters, still, embody some useful hints and suggestive ideas. In looking over the book, many who have passed their early exposures, will be reminded of the time and the reasons in which the "pen of a ready writer" would have been very acceptable.

Sermon, *or the Cause of Missions, and other Poems. By Rebecca S. Nichols. Philadelphia: Robinson & Peterson, Zieber Co.*—Sermon, by Miss Nichols, is a volume made up of the contributions of Mrs. Nichols to numerous periodicals for a few past years, many of which have been appeared in the columns of the Post, in pursuance of our plan of publishing the best productions of current American Literature. The most beautiful poem in the collection, is that addressed "To My Boy in Heaven"—a theme which a mother's heart alone can feel to supply the best graces, and choicest sympathies of poetry—feeling and sincerity. The poem on the Sermon, which opens the volume, is common fifty-six shorter pieces, many of which are worthy of the author. The volume is a fitting tribute to the beauty and solidarity of woman's nature. It is altogether a volume which we are glad to own, and happy to commend to the American Poetry. It is beautifully printed and embellished with a portrait of the author.

Pictorial History of the United States. *By John Frost, L.L. D. Philadelphia: Benjamin Walker.*—We have, at last, the pleasure in announcing the completion of Mr. Frost's History, now complete in four handsome volumes, of over hundred pages each, of fine size. As a substance the Colonies as well as the later history, is very complete, and the work as a whole is very full, and is comprehensive, and the work as attractive and useful one for the family circle, for which it is more especially designed. The volumes are many in numbers, and well executed, and the type, paper and general appearance of the work are neat, and worthy of their subject. It is gratifying to know that a book so partly American in its subject and execution, on the anniversary of the publication proceeded, and in its completion form it will undoubtedly take a front rank in the list of new purchases. It can be had of *Robinson & Peterson.*

Royal Sonnets. *By Hannah More Philadelphia: G. S. Appleton.*—A few years since, we published Hannah More's Domestic Stories, published in a small octavo volume, by the house, and we are pleased to see the publication of the volume of her sonnets. Like it is spirited and in measure, it will give the pencil of the day a chance to read and admire what these sonnets are and what they express. Such stories as Hannah More's Stories may be learned whenever of their kind, and the sonnets, the form in which they are here printed, will make them easier to use and family literature.

The Constitution of Pictorial Register. *Part XII. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.*—The part now before us completes the work, and contains the Constitution, Judiciary, Infantries, Infantries, and Infantries. The latter, written by Miss Alice Carey, is a fine poem, and encourages the longer part of the number, and is a volume in itself. The poem was contributed by Dr. Todd, Cornwall, Connecticut.

Watson's Letters—*Second Volume. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.*—We have lately spoke to the manner the author of the book in the first volume of the letter, that next week we shall give the reader a portion of its interesting contents. It is a large volume, and like the first, will be in haste to get this. Those who have not neither have a copy of should get it.

Ladies Annual Register, 1845. *Philadelphia: Robinson & Peterson.*—This is an admirable work—a proper holiday present, and one which the family may read, and fit for a lady to handle. No housewife should be without it. We have many other valuable works for the season issue, which we have no room to notice.

Country Scenes. *By Old Humphrey. Philadelphia: G. W. Wardle.*—This is a pleasant little volume, a series of little works—suggestive of good thoughts, and containing many admirable sentiments, in a quaint and attractive language. As a notice it needs only an announcement. It is pretty sure to go to every counter.

The Family Lawyer. *September. Philadelphia: Parrott & Co.*—This number, as the place of the month, contains valuable miscellaneous matter, as the rest of course. We have also a Statute Index, and rules of the origin methods, which have been and will continue to be of popular character over the month.

The Warrior Son.—Our readers has seen in the Second Part of the Evening Post, a beautiful letter published in the Boston Courier on the death of Mr. Van Buren.

South's Commentary.—*Campbell & Co.* have published their fourth number of the second volume of South's Commentary on the Holy Scriptures—the only quarto edition now in the market.

☞ The street cleaners of New York have commenced cleansing the streets as early as three o'clock in the morning. This is a practice worthy of imitation, for scooping the streets in high day is a terrible nuisance. If house servants would wash and scrub windows and pavements at an early hour it would be father better, too.

Notices of the Dead.

Dr. Samuel Swan, died at his residence, at Middletown, Somerset County, New Jersey, on the 25th August, aged 74. The Newark Advertiser states that he was born at South Prairie, in that County, November 30th, 1770. Having early settled as a physician in Somerset, he was soon called into public life, being first elected Sheriff of the County, and after serving the term of three years, a member of the Legislature. Subsequently he filled the offices of Judge and Surrogate of the County for ten years. The respect of the people for him was still further manifested by his being elected a delegate of Congress for five successive terms.

Death of an Indian Chief.—Joe-o-sel, the last Indian Chief, who was presented to United States, died at Tampa Bay, a few weeks ago, died of consumption on the 3rd instant, in Cleveland, Ohio, far from home and relatives, but kindly provided for by a benevolent family residing on the Pier, at Cleveland. He was 35 years of age, and died with great resignation. He was accompanied to Washington that he died of consumption, brought on by habits of civilized life, to which he had been a stranger.

Melancholy Death of a Clergyman.—The Rev. Mr. Andrews, pastor of the Methodist Church in 27th street, New York, was drowned in the Hudson River on Tuesday week. He was on board the steamboat Columbus, on his way to Sing Sing, to attend a Camp Meeting. Some accident occurred on board the boat, when he became alarmed and fell overboard, and perished, notwithstanding the efforts of those who hastened to save him. His remains have been recovered.

☞ The Eufaula, Alabama, Shield, announces the death of Mr. Joseph Watford, of Dale County, a revolutionary soldier, in the 100th year of his age. He resided in North Carolina during the 4th of Independence.

☞ The Bethel Advertiser announces the death of Judge Clemens, of Macomb County, Michigan. He was one of the oldest residents and most esteemed citizens of the State.

☞ Some of the papers are re-publishing, as an item of news, the death of Rev. G. S. Comstock, a Baptist Missionary to Africa. It was printed in the Post some weeks since.

Army & Navy.

☞ A gentleman who left Fort Leavenworth on the 10th of last month, states that preparations were going on for the movement of a body of about five hundred dragoons, to march westward, under the command of Major Clifton Wharton. The object of the expedition was to endeavor to make peace between certain Indian tribes that have been a long time at war, to hold councils with the Indians along the route, and to impress them with the necessity of preserving peace among each other.

☞ A Naval Court Martial will be held at Washington, in the Navy Yard. The following named officers compose the board.—Commodore Isaac Hull, President; Commodores Read, Ridgely, Downes, Wilkinson, Nicholson, and Captain Gwinn. The object of the Court is to try Captain Newton for the loss of the steamship Missouri. Several other cases will occupy the attention of the Board.

☞ Passed Midshipman Francis Alexander, who graduated in the Naval School at Annapolis, Norfolk, has been appointed Naval Storekeeper at Port Royal's, West Coast of Africa.

☞ The iron steam Cutter for the revenue service, now on the stocks at South Boston, is of 268 tons burthen. She is to be called the McLean.

☞ A General Order of the Navy Department, gives notice that "Maury's Navigation" has been adopted as the Text Book of the Navy.

☞ The soldiers cemetered from Bates Rouge to Pass Christian are suffering from sickness; many of them are said to die soon with the fever.

☞ The U. S. brig Truxton, Commander Boyce, from Philadelphia, was at Madeira, July 24, all well.

☞ The U. S. ship Preble sailed from New York on Friday, on a cruize on the coast of Africa.

Personal News.

Appointments.—Among the recent appointments by the President, we find the following: Kneas McFaul, Jr., of Baltimore, Consul for Tuxpan, and Consular Agent for the Mexican Republic, in the place of L. R. Almy, resigned.

Dr. Franklin Lippincott, of New Jersey, Consular Agent for Cardenas, in the Island of Cuba, in the place of Samuel McLean, transferred to the Consulate at Trinidad de Cuba.

Dr. Ewing, Marshal for the District of Missouri, in the place of William C. Anderson, declined.

☞ Francis J. Grund, Esq., was on Saturday last, in the District Court, on motion of the Hon. Joseph R. Ingersoll, admitted to practice as an attorney and counsellor at law. Mr. Grund is a native to windward, as Mr. G. is about to leave the country on a foreign mission. We understand the returns to Europe, that he will bring legal attainments at a high order to the profession: and as much collateral aid, in the possession of general knowledge as a possessed by any legal gentleman in the country.

☞ The descendants of Richard Haven, celebrated at Farmington, Massachusetts, on Monday last week, the 150th anniversary of the arrival of their common ancestor in this country. The day was fine, and ten or twelve hundred descendants and their connections were present. An excellent address was delivered by Hon. John C. Park, of Boston. The company dined together, and we are pleased to see a most sociable and agreeable manner.

☞ The family of the late Chauncey Dickinson, of Hamden, Massachusetts, numbering in all 11 sons and daughters, met together in the house in which they were born, on a recent occasion. Their ages, all told together, amount to 441 years. The eldest 73, the youngest 45. It is forty years since they all met together.

☞ The Democratic State Convention, of Connecticut, which met on Wednesday week, unanimously nominated the Hon. Silas Wright, as their candidate for Governor, and Addison Gardiner, Esq., as their candidate for Lieutenant Governor. We presume that Mr. Wright, who had previously declined, has yielded to the urgent call to accept the nomination.

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Sacred Poetry.

THE DEAD BIRD.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

Red, why lost thy wild voice its music notes bonded,
And why droops thine eye so oppressed with thy wings?
Silence!
This more thy eye doubted, thy voice merrily gushed,
As forth over from fled from the cage of thy nest.

Thy form I still see, still its gracefully kindling;
Thy plume with each turn, all day's beloved into me—
But where's thy sweet voice, as thy wings bounded into me—
Thy voice which threw back the full gaze of the sun?

This mys'ry of life,—is there ought can unseal it?
Pond, or, where is the answer is lost or is found?
Spread wide for its reading, o'er its type'd carved it,—
Then where, for the answer I serve, shall I look?

I feel the rich breath of the bright flower around me,—
What is it that makes them so fragrant and fair?
From whence comes the life spell, out which they have bound me,
And when they flee from me, what are they, and where?

They tell me, sad sh, I must fondly believe it,—
That their sister's free spirit—the dazzling—the bright!
Has swum out in robes of earth's morning, 'twill leave it,
And ever live on in eternity's light.

But is there no home for earth's brightest and sweetest?
Must these life with their beauty and perfume decay?
From the soul of the wild, the bright flower, the bird,
Grah a material in sense, and then pass away?

This last life cement in the air by respiring,
For 'tis not mere matter, or mere dust of the earth,
Then whom the first last feel no sparkling eye shining,
The decay may enfold its young Eve's beauty in death.

And why do we so love these frail things to cherish?
What is the influence which draws us to them?
Why feel we a sadness, a grief, when they perish,
It takes all our mustering reason to some?

Oh let me believe, that of life there's one formula
Whereon all the great and the small are alike,
And I'll hail thee, "my sister," blue-bell of the mountain,
And fondly kiss thee, red-crested rose of the glen.

Our Essayist.

THE MENAGERIE.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

We are all agreed that man is an animal, and the species are divided into an great a variety that they would puzzle philosophers. There are those in the world who seek opportunities to do good, and others as anxious to do evil. Good and bad qualities are found in many persons, yet few are so notoriously bad as to see great good cross. If such character could pass in a panoramic view before us, we should find much to astonish, astonish, pettify and interest. We would then agree that there ought to be menagerie for men as well as for beasts, wherein we might see safely persons the practical study of our nature. There are men crawls, because they do not know what they do; and others lose sole, for the reason that they do know. It is my purpose in the few following papers, to catch and cage certain characters—and though it be a great risk, yet it is in the hope of doing good, or at least affording amusement. But as we write over each cage the name of the animal and his traits of character, let each reader ponder well and see if there is not in his own disposition something to modify or correct.

I write not simply because man is what he is, but that he is not what he ought to be and though at the commencement of life we seem to pursue our own course, yet before half our time is spent, we find we are antipodes to the design of Providence.

The world then shall be my hunting ground, and the chase carried on without bounds. We hope to secure all alive, and though we have not the slightest idea of killing, we do desire merely to tame those who may be desperate.

We shall begin first, with

CAGE NUMBER ONE.

THE BUSY BODY OR MONKEY.

This gentleman is like a glass-eyed politician, who seems to see every thing about the affairs of others, that in reality he does not. He freely gives up his own business to inquire into, carry out and arrange the business of other men. He unprincipledly believes he has sufficient good sense to dictate to the whole congregation—if at any time he finds any one uselessly fearful to come forward in a work, he boldly volunteers—if his neighbor be assailed on a theme unworthy of notice, he appears as the champion of argument—in the absence of the preacher, he preaches—of the deacons, he gathers the mites—and rather than be behind-hand in employment, would ring the bell or blow the organ.

On a rainy day, he will carry your umbrella; if you are so differently, he offers his advice, and if you reject it, he makes an effort to sustain his reputation as a forewarning individual, though he ruins you.

If you are building a house, or planting a vineyard, he has directions to give—the first must be after his plan, or he bribes the workmen to leave sand out of the mortar—the other must be laid to his taste, or he will sour the grapes—aye, he will moisten the vine with vinegar.

If you have a shabby hat, he knows a better where he deals: buy elsewhere, he will accidentally knock your new beaver into a pudlle. If you are to be married, (keep the secret from him if you can!) you have him for person, or he will tell all his friends it was a runaway match.

Do you wish to christen your baby (I believe it's called by that name) it must be performed according to his fashion, or else his assuming many terms it profanation—he offers a name which, if you do not accept, he horridly sacks the little fellow's ear like.

If you are about joining the church, he asks eagerly, "what church?" You tell him. He begs you to ponder well—this his church, and he will guarantee your salvation.

Ask him concerning your friend, he desires to know if you have heard certain news about him, and he does not give you up until he has rifled him with the blackest epithets—of course he means it not—he is like the cur, snapping at master and man—a busy body never means harm—he is too deeply interested in your welfare to do you harm—he is like the tender hawk that watches over the sparrow, waiting the time to take him under his wings, hawk-fashion.

He hears, through the medium of some other busy body, that you have bought a house, he runs full a mile to inform you the title is not good. If you tell him you are satisfied, he will pronounce upon it forthwith.

He sees you in comfortable circumstances, happy in the world, and contented with all around you, this situation is a sore eye to him, and if he can by any possibility notice it, you, he will do so with a freeness of heart; in fine, he is as detrimental to the general happiness of the world as a disseminated plague, and has no more business on it than a wild horse let on a china shop.

Your father or brother is sick, he knows of a physician who has been instrumental in performing wonderful cures, and will recommend him. He brings him with him—you remonstrate, and the busy body quarrels with you in your own house. You ask—the busy body—the pendant found dangling by your sole gives his advice and censures—if you be of a phrenic nature and resign the gave, your neighbor is the fault of his—he always leaves you for cured or dead—between which, we must acknowledge, there is a wide difference. In fly time these gentlemen might under important service, but they were best off, and happiest in death they would be of well-keeping each other to mortars with pestles, and if their folly is not entirely beaten out of them, they will at least be left to a condition unfit for mischief.

The busy body reminds me of a stray dog, bedaubed with dirt, coming an acquaintance by following and jumping on you, and using another kicks for coils one beat off.

CAGE NUMBER TWO.

THE SELFISH MAN OR PORCUPINE.

He is a selfish man who lives for himself only, who has no regard for others, no affection for wife, no paternal love, and who is as cold and unfeeling as a stormy northeast wind which shelter alone can provide against.

This animal must be caged with substantial bars; for that which he can have an opportunity to love himself as he would wish, he may be secure from making others subservient to his will.

Ask him a paltry favor, and he turns from you with a repulsive shrug, which is sufficient intimation that he has a wicked disposition, and buried without epitaphs. If he is asked to give charity, he inquires of himself, "Will it benefit me?"

He does not regard futurity. That, at any rate, he has, is a doubtful speculation; for he is bound up by the present, and has no love (unless) in time, and if he is safe in all his worldly affairs—he is willing to take the chance of being hereafter.

He hears of his friend's death, but it is a consolation that it is not he, and therefore not much moved. Although he may have children, he is cruel against it with fury. "What," he exclaims, "divide my inheritance, Heaven forbid!" and social feelings with such unfortune may be worth possessing, for if amassed, is as from grinding the poor, but it requires the ingenuity of a fair spinning to find his happiness or social feelings. A microscope eye would be decided with one and the other. He is memory free him, and he would give up the ghost. He would part with his flesh sooner than with his gold. But a sentimental wish is to carry his substance with him.

If he makes his will, he devises his property first to himself, and appoints himself executor with power of substitution.

Should he lean you a horse, and you tell him you was thorny, he replies, positively if his horse was hurt. He will undertake no enterprise, without he is to receive the sole benefit for his toil, he argues it might render service to his neighbor.

He would rather be hanged for a good action than for doing an ill one, and did he find through forgetfulness that he had done a good deed, a coroner's inquest might be necessary. He is close as a tortoise in a shell; the latter, however, through fear, shuts himself out from the world, while the selfish man does it upon strict principle.

He possibly through the aid of a friend (if we can suppose he ever had one) has heaped together a competency, but he has not the idea of gratitude he owes, or contrives an escape.

He uses fraud whenever it will benefit his fame or himself, and applies himself earnest counts, and even a farthing would blind his conscience.

He never stirs to aliyon the ice, he would hardly pick you up, and if he does, he will say, "we ought to render kindness to each other; but it suits of me." Rise clothes with a sort of gentleman-made-easy; as you profoundly observe, he has fallen upon his own sword. Now, not to work out the gentleman by one's mode and circumstances—I have yes, a very difficult labor.

His charity consists in passing a slight rest from his right hand to his poor left, and sermonizing on his kindness.

He would never marry, were it not for sentiment, and should he be unfortunate in progeny, he tries either to give them away or send them people. The former is considered best here carried if Lord Brougham had not worn tweed trousers. Universal Suffrage will be carried—if ever carried—by Peers in check shirts, and, as you judicially remark, "a shilling a week."

I remain your obedient servant,

WALTER DE BOE.

P. S. My humanity suggests this advice to Lord Brougham. Don't go to work upon your letter found one making up my schedule. An old coincidence: I had just popped down your name as an Irish postman.

THE COMIC BLACKSTONE.

OF ESTATES LESS THAN FREEHOLD.

Estates less than freehold are of three sorts, for years, at will, and by sufferance.

An estate for years is where a man takes premises on a lease, which may be for half a year, or even a quarter. If it be for a lease for years, because the law does not take notice of anything less than a year—and so it has nothing to do with halves—never doing anything by halves—and "a quarter" means centers, "for the law," says Jones, "giveth quarter to nobody."

The law of England has a peculiar division of time; and though the old wags have said in the books, that "legal time" is reckoned by twelve to six-eight-time—for thatis size and eighty pence be ye sum—that is, the old wags have thrown no light upon the subject.

A year, says Cocker, consists of 365 days, except in leap-year, when it consists of 366, the 21st of Henry the Third merges the added day to the day before, so that, on the 28th of February, leap year, is the 24th, and so that the day after is, by act of Parliament, yesterday, for all legal purposes, and a month is a lunar or calendar, but a month to law is what, unless otherwise agreed upon, is taken as a natural affinity between law and lunacy. A day includes all the twenty-four hours, and the law makes no distinction between day and night, but breeds the darkness of the one with the other perhaps than the light of the former.

A tenant for years must take his estate for years, which is often called a term, because it must have an end or terminus, but it might begin when it will. Thus a lease, signed now or years hence every rational must have a reversion.

Estates for years must also have a certain beginning and end, for a lease for a year, to next every thing, except a jack-towel, which has neither one nor the other.

It is a settled principle of law, that an estate for a freehold if it be not for life, or to be broad the heart of any tradesman. It is also a rule of law, that if you grant a thing to a person it also passes, and, in all my life, I never knew an unlucky person but enough they have been, to be sure, but nothing like the present. Those who have had misfortunes might—and I have seen that a freehold, which we can hardly understand, is a thing that is held for the life of another or as that of Methuselah or Winnie-the-Pooh, and I have known many of these, the more especially, with business as it has been. Because thought good, tumbling down like neither one nor the other.

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A tenant for a certain number of years is not entitled to emblements—that is, if he has had enough to plant seed in February, and he is compelled to vacate on the 25th of March, he must leave the peas and take the consequences. This is a rule very like, if not the same that governs the Gazette as they go to press—that is, the freshest intelligence is the last—and all the stronger for it. The trade is—or I should never think of giving advice—that there seems to be a want of morality throughout all society. One part of society turns round and does something, another to another. A neighbor of mine has entered a shenanigar of old schoolmasters it's all owing to the Adelaide boots.

For which reason, sir, I hope you will not be angry if I ask you what you mean to do with your money? There was a time, sir, when I never believed I could do such a thing; but, as I have said, I fear there's no morality left. And how, indeed, should there be? Gentlemen are no longer gentlemen. I have my grandfather's picture—broke by the way—which was made for the West End eighty years ago, and, I think, that honest, old gentleman sparkled with twenty coaches to follow. Now, the Queen will, I suppose, only have a brougham, but I'm not to trouble you with my grievances—and, sir, will stick to business. In grandfather's day, sir, money was made honestly, and spent by their coats. They walked about clothed and marked to account. Now, there was a mistake in them. And the lower orders know their betters by their clothes—their watches and their gold lace. Now, sir, how are you to know a gentleman? There is no sort of difference in him; we can only count on his morality by that, and, sir, morality is gone away, sir; and one that has and to a great many mistakes. According to the old saying and the common people paid their proper respect for it, and now, if the gentlemen of the gentlemen of our day were to meet their grandsons in Piccadilly or Regent Street, they'd take half of them for a set of rogues, or, what is worse, for a set of fools, for they wear nothing but sacks or smock-frocks, with coarse handkerchiefs round their necks. Every day of my life, a Duke passes my door to Parliament in a pepper-and-salt linsey-woolsey, duffel, flannel sort of thing that his tailor, try as hard as he may, can't change him more than two pounds per. And in this condition, his Grace goes to make laws in Parliament. After this, I should like to know how it is to be hoped that common laws are to respect the House of Lords! It's a flying in the face of nature to expect it.

No, sir, there is the evil, there the abuse that has, he I've often said, sapped the morals of the world, by hoisting all tobs together to the same cloth and the same cut. It was never intended that the lions of society should be so finely drawn by the tailor, that you could not see them; yet, because it is so, you now have all sorts of discontent, no stability in trade, and no real morals in gentlemen. If the upper classes would only shew their true dignity, and retire to our velvet and gold lace, there would even now be some hopes of the country; but while noblemen and gentlemen dress in thirty-shilling cloth, there is an end to England. Her real glory set with gold lace. If men would only wear their own clothes, instead they were embroidered pocket-holes.

Excuse me, sir, for troubling you with all this, but I could not think of putting your money into my lawyer's hands without writing to you the time that a tradesman has in some degree to fight with.

Hoping you will therefore not take this well amiss, I remain, sir, your obedient servant,

SAMUEL STITCHINSTOCK.

THE GENTLEMAN'S ANSWER TO THE TAILOR.

MR. STITCHINSTOCK.—It is indeed five years that I have graced your board, and in that time—it scarcely appeared to me so many months. Although I have never paid you a half the amount, have been the years passed by. You will guess my meaning when I assure you it is a theory of mine, that the years of time are no other than two have bill stamps, and the longest of them, that which brings his three, six, or nine months into account. Three weeks. He is continually in possession from his glass, drying the wet ink of promises to pay. Still I am glad to hear from you.

You want money, Mr. STITCHINSTOCK. As I am certainly in the habit of borrowing from you, a capital condition to sympathize with me. You say you never remember to have met with such a thing. Of course not; no tradesman ever did: the present season is always the worst of times; however, the others pay a little on account. It says much for the moral and physical strength of which shopkeepers are composed, that, having from worse to worse; they really seem, like Jonah, to come out of the whale and flourish upon decay. You touchingly observe that prudence do not pay, for you have been a loser here. My good sir, then why proceed in a business which, by your own admission, only not keep them continually up?

You say you never from a gentleman. Why, in familiar phrase, we never pass a lemon; but then we squeeze it most inexorably. That men should go into bankruptcy, yet live and flourish afterwards, is a great proof of the advancing philosophy of our times. Sir, I have no doubt capable of meeting his bill, would, heathen-like, have fallen upon his own sword and killed himself—in a bottom of whitey-brown. The English tradesman suffers ridicule from the stage about his sense, and fresh from Basing-hall-street dreams of golden eggs.

Whether your neighbor is right in attributing our present social laxity to the Adelaide boot, is a matter I have no time to discuss. Your speculation is curious; nevertheless, rightly to follow the subject would be to enter upon metaphysics.

You are quite right, Mr. STITCHINSTOCK, as to the revolutionary effects of the disuse of velvet and gold lace, I have no doubt myself